Numb. 85

The TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

From *Saturday October* 22. to *Tueſday October* 25. 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 24.

MY Brother *Tranquillus*, who is a Man of Buſineſs, came to me this Morning into my Study, and after very many civil Expreſſions in Return for what good Offices I had done him, told me, he deſir'd to carry his Wife my Siſter that very Morning to his own Houſe. I readily told him I would wait upon him, without asking why he was ſo impatient to rob us of his good Company. He went out of my Chamber, and I thought ſeem'd to have a little Heavineſs upon him, which gave me ſome Diſquiet. Soon after, my Siſter came to me with a very Matron-like Air, and moſt ſedate Satisfaction in her Looks, which ſpoke her very much at Eaſe; but the Traces of her Countenance ſeem'd to diſcover that ſhe had been lately in Paſſion, and that Air of Content to flow from a certain Triumph upon ſome Advantage obtain'd. She no ſooner ſat down by me, but I perceiv'd ſhe was one of thoſe Ladies who begin to be Managers within the Time of their being Brides. -- Without letting her ſpeak, (which I ſaw ſhe had a mighty Inclination to do) I ſaid, Here has been your Husband, who tells me he has a Mind to go Home this very Morning; and I have conſented to it. It is well, ſaid ſhe, for you muſt know--- Nay, *Jenny*, ſaid I, I beg your Pardon, for 'tis you muſt know---- You are to underſtand, that now is the Time to fix or alienate your Husband's Heart for ever; and I fear you have been a little indiſcreet in your Expreſſions or Behaviour towards him even here in my Houſe. There has, ſays ſhe, been ſome Words; but I'll be judge by you if he was not in the Wrong: Nay, I need not be judg'd by any Body, for he gave it up himſelf, and ſaid not a Word, when he ſaw me grow paſſionate, but, Madam, you are perfectly in the Right of it: As you ſhall judge--- Nay, Madam, ſaid I, I am Judge already, and tell you, that you are perfectly in the Wrong of it; for if it was a Matter of Importance, I know he has better Senſe than you; if a Trifle, you know what I told you on your Wedding-Day, That you were to be above little Provocations. She knows very well I can be ſower upon Occaſion, therefore gave me Leave to go on. Siſter, ſaid I, I will not enter into the Diſpute between you, which I find his Prudence put an End to before it came to Extremity, but charge you to have a Care of the firſt Quarrel, as you tender your Happineſs; for then it is that the Mind will reflect harſhly upon every Circumſtance that has ever paſs'd between you. If ſuch an Accident is ever to happen, (which I hope never will) be ſure to keep to the Circumſtance before you; make no Alluſions to what is paſs'd, or Concluſions referring to what is to come: Don't ſhow an Hoard of Matter for Diſſention in your Breaſt; but if it is neceſſary, lay before him the Thing as you underſtand it, candidly, without being aſham'd of acknowledging an Error, or proud of being in the Right. If a young Couple is not careful in this Point, they will get into an Habit of Wrangling: And when to diſpleaſe is thought of no Conſequence, to pleaſe is always of as little Moment. There is a Play, *Jenny*, I have formerly been at when I was a Student: We got into a dark Corner with a Porringer of Brandy, and threw Raiſins into it, then ſet it on Fire. My Chamber-fellow and I diverted our ſelves with the Sport of venturing our Fingers for the Raiſins; and the Wantonneſs of the Thing was, to ſee each other look like a Dæmon, as we burnt our ſelves and ſnatch'd out the Fruit. This fantaſtical Mirth was called *Snap-Dragon*. You may go into many a Family, where you ſee the Man and Wife at this Sport: Every Word at their Table alludes to ſome Paſſage between themſelves; and you ſee by the Paleneſs and Emotion in their Countenances, that it is for your Sake, and not their own, that they forbear playing out the whole Game, in burning each other's Fingers. In this Caſe, the whole Purpoſe of Life is inverted, and the Ambition turns upon a certain Contention, who ſhall contradict beſt, and not upon an Inclination to excel in Kindneſſes and good Offices. Therefore, dear *Jenny*, remember me, and avoid *Snap-Dragon*.--- I thank you Brother (ſaid ſhe) but you don't know how he loves me; I find I can do any Thing with him. If you can ſo, Why ſhould you deſire to do any Thing but pleaſe him? But I have a Word or Two more before you go out of the Room; for I ſee you do not like the Subject I am upon. Let nothing provoke you to fall upon an Imperfection he cannot help; for if he has a reſenting Spirit, he will think your Averſion as immoveable as the Imperfection with which you upbraid him. But above all, dear *Jenny*, be careful of one Thing, and you will be ſomething more than Woman, that is, a Levity you are almoſt all guilty of, which is, to take a Pleaſure in your Power to give Pain. It is ev'n in a Miſtreſs an Argument of Meanneſs of Spirit, but in a Wife it is Injuſtice and Ingratitude. When a ſenſible Man once obſerves this in a Woman, he muſt have a very great, or a very little, Spirit to overlook it. A Woman ought therefore to conſider very often, how few Men there are who will regard a meditated Offence as a Weakneſs of Temper. I was going on in my Confabulation, when *Tranquillus* enter'd. She caſt her Eyes upon him with much Shame and Confuſion, mix'd with great Complaicency and Love, and went up to him. He took her in his Arms, and look'd ſo many ſoft Things at one Glance, that I could ſee he was glad I had been talking to her, ſorry ſhe had been troubled, and angry at himſelf that he could not diſguiſe the Concern he was in an Hour before. After which, he ſays to me, with an Air aukward enough, but methought not unbecoming, I have alter'd my Mind, Brother; we'll live upon you a Day or Two longer. I reply'd,

ply'd, That's what I have been perſwading *Jenny* to aſk of you; but ſhe is reſolv'd never to contradict your Inclination, and refus'd me. We were going on in that Way which one hardly knows how to expreſs; as when Two People mean the ſame Thing in a nice Caſe, but come at it by talking as diſtantly from it as they can; when very opportunely came in upon us an honeſt inconſiderable Fellow, *Tim. Dapper*, a Gentleman well known to us both. *Tim.* is one of thoſe who are very neceſſary by being very inconſiderable. *Tim.* drop'd in at an Incident when we knew not how to fall into either a grave or a merry Way. My Siſter took this Occaſion to make off, and *Dapper* gave us an Account of all the Company he had been in to Day, who was, and who was not at Home, where he viſited. This *Tim.* is the Head of a Species: He is a little out of his Element in this Town; but he is a Relation of *Tranquillus*, and his Neighbour in the Country, which is the true Place of Reſidence for this Species. The Habit of a *Dapper* when he is at Home, is a light Broad-Cloth, with Calamanco, or red Waſtcoat and Breeches; and 'tis remarkable, that their Wigs ſeldom hide the Collar of their Coats. They have always a peculiar Spring in their Arms, a Riggle in their Bodies, and a Trip in their Gate. All which Motions they expreſs at once in their drinking, bowing, or ſaluting Ladies; for a diſtant Imitation of a forward Fop, and a Reſolution to over-top him in his Way, are the diſtinguiſhing Marks of a *Dapper*. Theſe Under-Characters of Men are Parts of the ſociable World by no Means to be neglected: They are like Pegs in a Building. They make no Figure in it, but hold the Structure together, and are as abſolutely neceſſary as the Pillars and Columns. I am ſure we found it ſo this Morning; for *Tranquillus* and I ſhould perhaps have look'd cold at each other the whole Day, but *Dapper* fell in with his brisk Way, ſhook us both by the Hand, rally'd the Bride, miſtook the Acceptance he met with amongſt us for extraordinary Perfection in himſelf, and heartily pleas'd, and was pleas'd, all the while he ſtay'd. His Company left us all in good Humour, and we were not ſuch Fools as to let it ſink, before we confirm'd it by great Chearfulneſs and Openneſs in our Carriage the whole Evening.

White's Chocolate-Houſe, October 24.

I have been this Evening to viſit a Lady who is a Relation of the enamour'd *Cynthio*, and there heard the melancholy News of his Death. I was in Hopes, that Fox-hunting and *October* would have recover'd him from his unhappy Paſſion. He went into the Country with a Deſign to leave behind him all Thoughts of *Clariſſa*; but he found that Place only more convenient to think of her without Interruption. The Country Gentlemen were very much puzzled upon his Caſe, and never finding him merry or loud in their Company, took him for a Roman Catholick, and immediately upon his Death ſeiz'd his *French* Valet-de-Chambre for a Prieſt; and it is generally thought in the County, it will go hard with him next Seſſion. Poor *Cynthio* never held up his Head after having receiv'd a Letter of *Clariſſa*'s Marriage. The Lady who gave me this Account being far gone in Poetry and Romance, told me, if I would give her an Epitaph, ſhe would take Care to have it plac'd on his Tomb, which ſhe her ſelf had deviſ'd in the following Manner: It is to be made of black Marble, and every Corner to be crowded with weeping Cupids. Their Quivers are to be hung up upon Two tall Cypreſs Trees, which are to grow on each Side of the Monument, and their Arrows to be laid in a great Heap, after the Manner of a Funeral Pile, on which is to lie the Body of the Deceas'd. On the Top of each Cypreſs is to ſtand the Figure of a moaning Turtle-Dove. On the uppermoſt Part of the Monument, the Goddeſs to whom theſe Birds are ſacred, is to ſit in a dejected Poſture, as weeping for the Death of her Votary. I need not tell you this Lady's Head is a little turn'd: However, to be rid of Importunies, I promiſed her an Epitaph, and told her, I would take for my Pattern that of Don *Alonzo*, who was no leſs famous in his Age than *Cynthio* is in ours.

The EPITAPH:

Here lies Don Alonzo,
Slain by a Wound receiv'd under
His Left Pap;

The Orifice of which was ſo
Small, no Surgeon could
Diſcover it.

READER;

If thou would'ſt avoid ſo ſtrange
A Death,
Look not upon Lucinda's *Eyes.*

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